

She **S**toops

To **C**onquer;

OR,

The **M**istakes of a **R**ight.

A COMEDY,

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

IMPERIAL

THEATRE.

MISS LITTON, Sole Lessee & Manager.

1879.



Marie Tilton

FROM A PHOTO BY LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

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Adapted for Theatrical Representation.

ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

N prefixing the following remarks to the present edition of “SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,” the writer has purposely avoided any account of Oliver Goldsmith’s life or writings, or any detailed criticism on the comedy itself, but has rather sought to bring to the notice of the reader certain anecdotes and recollections connected with the play and the actors who have, at different periods, appeared in the piece; and as these have mainly been culled from her bookshelf, the critic will, it is trusted, at least look with a kindly eye on the manner in which all have been strung together. Much has been left out, for fear of fatiguing, with the strong hope that what remains behind will not bore. The original dedication to Dr. Johnson has been reprinted, and the epilogue written by Goldsmith himself has been added.

Goldsmith doubtless wrote “She Stoops to Conquer” in 1771, for in a letter of his to Bennett Langton, dated September 7th of that year, he writes:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country, at a farmer’s house quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve.

“Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard, too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh”

The farm-house stood on a gentle eminence in what is called Hyde Lane, near to the six-mile stone on the Edgware Road, and he occupied his apartment here till the period of his death, though still preserving his chambers in the Temple. The spot was well chosen, for few places near a great metropolis are prettier. From the commencement of the theatrical season 1772-73 he was anxiously endeavouring to procure a representation of his comedy, and in the first instance, it was placed

in the hands of Colman, then manager of Covent Garden, but, after a considerable interval, returned by him. It was then submitted to Garrick, who displayed his usual aversion to give a plain answer, and neither a distinct yea or nay could be extracted from him. In this state of suspense Dr. Johnson and other friends of the author again intervened with Colman, who, after urgent solicitations, yielded reluctant assent to its being brought forward at his theatre. It may be interesting here to insert two letters from Goldsmith to Garrick and Colman, without date, but no doubt written in January and February of 1773.

“TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“I ask many pardons for the trouble I gave you yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible friend, I began to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman’s sentence. I therefore request you will send my play back by my servant, for having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it would be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman’s opinion to the judgment of the town. I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time.

“I am, dear Sir, your very humble Servant,

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

“TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

“DEAR SIR,

“I entreat you’ll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges, either of its merits or faults, I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead’s tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation. I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God’s sake take the play, and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

“I am, your friend and Servant,

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

Dr. Johnson, writing to Boswell in February, 1773, says:—"Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, which is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. The chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is made to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. This, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and gay, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable." Again, on March 4th, he writes: "Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent Garden, to which the manager predicts ill success. I hope he will be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception."

At first there was a difficulty in giving a name to the comedy. Dr. Johnson remarks, "We are all in labor for a name to Goldy's play." The first adopted, but soon dismissed, was "The Old House a New Inn." Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the "Belle's Stratagem," afterwards chosen by Mrs. Cowley for one of her comedies. The present name, a suggestion of the author, was fixed on only three days before the representation, and in some of the newspapers it was announced simply as "The Mistakes of a Night."

It was on March 15th, 1773, that Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced at Covent Garden, and the original cast was as follows:—

MR. HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Shuter.
YOUNG MARLOW	-	-	-	Lewes.
HASTINGS	-	-	-	Du Bellamy.
TONY LUMPKIN	-	-	-	Quick.
MRS. HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Mrs. Green.
MISS HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Mrs. Bulkley.
MISS NEVILLE	-	-	-	Mrs. Kniveton.

It is the comedy of this period which of all others has survived to the present time, and remains one of the stock pieces of the English stage. It has been well said that there is nothing in it of the mawkishness of Kelly nor of the pompous affectation of Cumberland. Sentimental comedy had been the fashion, and though severely ridiculed by Foote at the Haymarket, in his "Handsome Housemaid; or, Piety in Patterns," it was "She Stoops to Conquer" that really dealt the death blow, and restored to the town a hearty relish for a laugh. With all its faults and improbabilities, it is universally admitted this comedy is worth fifty cold, correct, still-life pieces. Colman was then manager; at first he refused the piece, but Dr. Johnson stood manfully by Goldsmith, and owing to his influence the piece was put into rehearsal.

Cumberland relates of the first performance—"On the day of performance, Goldsmith's friends assembled in a considerable body at the Shakespeare Tavern for an early dinner. Dr. Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was in inimitable glee; they did not, however, forget their duty, and though they had better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, they betook themselves in good time to their separate and allotted posts, having preconcerted signals for plaudits in a manner that gave every one his cue, where to look for them, and how to follow them up. One of the company was Adam Drummond, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous and at the same time most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs; he ingenuously, however, confessed that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was placed on a battery; he desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow, and I was deputed to that office. All eyes were upon Dr. Johnson, who sat in the front row of a side box, and when he laughed everybody thought himself warranted to roar; in the meantime, Drummond followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author; but, alas! it was now too late to rein him in. He had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now he unluckily fancied he found a joke in almost everything that was said, so that nothing in nature could be more malapropos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; however, the author's friends carried his play through triumphantly, and their manœuvres were attended with complete success."

Cumberland's story is, however, doubtful. It was written from memory at the distance of thirty years after the transaction. Northcote says the dinner took place at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and Mr. Fitzherbert, who was represented to be one of the party, had died the preceding year. Goldsmith's friends, Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Dr. Franklin, Kelly, Macpherson, and others, were no doubt present, willing to promote his success; but such advocates can never overpower the popular voice. Should ever a first night succeed by such means, the second or third will show the failure; whereas every succeeding representation of "She Stoops to Conquer" only served to raise its popularity.

Immediately after the production Goldsmith writes to his friend, Mr. Cradock:—

“TO MR. CRADOCK.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but, with your permission, shall be printed. The story, in short, is this—Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley, hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue, but then Mrs. Catley refused after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed. An epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken; I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you’ll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage, and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, on the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.

“I am, my dear Cradock,

“Your obliged and obedient Servant,

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

“P.S.—Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock.”

Johnson also, when Boswell was present, on “She Stoops to Conquer” being mentioned, said: “I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry.” On the 13th April, Boswell writes: “We drank tea with the ladies at General Oglethorp’s, and Goldsmith sang Tony Lumpkin’s song in his comedy ‘She Stoops to Conquer’—and a very pretty one—to an Irish tune, ‘The Humours of Ballamagairy,’ which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle, but as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out.”

Northcote, the famous painter, then a young man and residing with Sir Joshua Reynolds, wrote to his brother, March 24th, 1773:

“Last Monday I went to see Goldsmith’s new play, and, quite the reverse to everybody’s expectation, it was received with the utmost applause, and Garrick has writ a very excellent prologue to it in ridicule of the late sentimental comedies. Goldsmith was so kind as to offer me half-a-dozen tickets for the play on his night, and I intend to accept two or three. He is going to dedicate his play to old Johnson.”

When “*She Stoops to Conquer*” was first put in rehearsal, Gentleman Smith threw up Young Marlow, Woodward refused Tony Lumpkin, and Mrs. Abington—greatest mortification of all—declined Miss Hardcastle. Great was the alarm amongst Goldsmith’s friends, to whom, however, he replied, “No ! I’d rather my play were damned by bad players than merely saved by good acting ;” and so Tony was cast to Quick, who had played the small part of the Postboy in “*The Good-Natured Man* ;” to Shuter was given Mr. Hardcastle, and on his protesting in his vehement odd way that Lewes, who was harlequin in the theatre, “could patter and use the gob-box as quick and smart as any of them,” Goldsmith consented he should appear as Young Marlow. Du Bellamy, Green, and Mrs. Bulkley completed the caste.

Of the first caste, Shuter, the Mr. Hardcastle, was on the stage from 1744 to 1776, and played throughout the entire range of a wide comic repertory. Off as on the stage, it was Shuter’s characteristic that he pleased everybody and ruined himself. Fitzgerald says of him ; “There was Shuter, who it was said Mr. Garrick pronounced the greatest comic genius he had ever seen.” He commenced his vocation as Catesby, at Richmond, concluding as Falstaff (played for his own benefit) at Covent Garden, in May, 1776.

Lewes, who had played with success in Dublin and Edinburgh, came to London and Covent Garden in 1773. Here, when ill, many of Barry’s chief characters were entrusted to him. He remained at Covent Garden till 1809, when he took farewell of the stage in the “*Copper Captain*,” the best of all his parts. He was famed as one of the most delightful performers of his class, and retained to the last his invincible airiness and juvenility. Leigh Hunt saw him take leave of the public a man of sixty-five looking not more than half the age, and heard him say, in a voice broken by emotion, that “For the space of thirty years he had not once incurred their displeasure.” He died in 1813, and out of part of his fortune bequeathed to his sister the beautiful new church at Ealing was chiefly erected.

Quick, who played Mr. Hardcastle’s stepson, loved to sit and talk

of Garrick and Goldsmith, and what the dramatist said to him when he enacted Tony Lumpkin on the first night of the production of "She Stoops to Conquer." He was born in 1748, and left his father, a brewer, when only fourteen years of age to become an actor, and after a varied experience in Surrey and Kent, we find him at the Haymarket, in 1769, a great favorite of King George III., who, when visiting the theatre, always expected Quick to appear in a prominent character. He was the original Acres, as well as Tony Lumpkin. In 1798, he quitted the stage with over £10,000 of savings.

Mrs. Green, Hippisley's daughter and Governor Hippisley's sister, not only was the original Mrs. Hardcastle, but also the original Mrs. Malaprop. Her public career began in 1730 and closed in 1779. It is said of her that she possessed humour even to drollery, combining the unctuousness of Shuter with the quaintness of her father.

The Miss Hardcastle was Mrs. Bulkley, the Miss Wilford of earlier days. She played at Edinburgh for a season, and her Lady Racket was talked over by the Scotch beaux at the beginning of this century with their hands on their hearts and over their waistcoat pockets. She also played in "The Rivals" on its production, and was the original Julia. She remained on the London stage from 1764 to 1789, and at the time of her death had become Mrs. Baresford.

On its first appearance, the comedy was enacted twelve times, the tenth night was by royal command; and the author's nights were supposed to have realized between four and five hundred pounds. Foote acted it in the summer at the Haymarket, and it was resumed with the re-opening of Covent Garden in the winter, and again had the compliment of a royal command.

"She Stoops to Conquer" was played subsequently at the Haymarket in 1777, and the occasion is chiefly memorable from the circumstance that Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, made her first appearance in London as Miss Hardcastle. She soon became a great favorite with the public. In 1774 she had acted columbine at Wakefield and sung between the acts. She was still so young, in the season when she came to Drury Lane, Mrs. Robinson says, that most of the principal parts were performed by four actresses under twenty, viz., herself, Miss Farren, Miss Walpole, and Miss P. Hopkins.

In 1825 we find the comedy was revived at Covent Garden, and Robert Keeley, so well-known to many of the present generation, was the Tony Lumpkin; whilst Miss Maria Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington, appeared as Miss Hardcastle. John Fawcett, whom

Boaden described as "a great original masterly comedian, always natural and extremely powerful," was Mr. Hardcastle; Richard Jones, the successor and protégé of Lewis, Young Marlow; and the respected and cheerful Mrs. Davenport played again the part in which she had made her London début of Mrs. Hardcastle.

Since this period it has been very often played, and remains, as it will always remain throughout the country, a stock piece of the English stage. Many who have seen it before will, doubtless, again enjoy the present revival with a cast which comprises the names of those deservedly popular artistes, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Meyrick, and Miss Litton; Mr. W. Farren, Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. G. F. Edgar, Mr. J. Fawn, and Mr. Lionel Brough, and which, but for the opportunity presented by afternoon performances, it would be almost impossible to equal in any other theatre. Portraits of the principal actors and actresses in the present performance have been added to the book, and it is trusted this innovation will find favor.

M. L.



TO
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

B*Y* inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a Comedy not merely sentimental was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

*Your most sincere friend
and admirer,*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Dramatis Personæ.

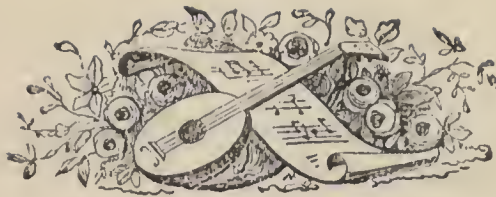
SIR CHARLES MARLOW	-	-	-	Mr. Denny.
HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Mr. Ryder.
YOUNG MARLOW	-	-	-	Mr. W. Farren.
HASTINGS	-	-	-	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
TONY LUMPKIN	-	-	-	Mr. Lionel Brough.
DIGGORY	-	-	-	Mr. J. Fawn.
STINGO	-	-	-	Mr. Gilbert.
JACK SLANG	-	-	-	Mr. Lambe.
TOM TWIST	-	-	-	Mr. Selby.
TICKLE	-	-	-	Mr. Trevor.
MRS. HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Mrs. Stirling.
MISS HARDCASTLE	-	-	-	Miss Litton.
MISS NEVILLE	-	-	-	Miss Meyrick.
MAID	-	-	-	Miss Miller.

Servants, &c., &c.



Fanny Stirling

FROM A PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in an old-fashioned House.*

Enter **HARDCASTLE** and **MRS. HARDCASTLE**, R.

MRS. H. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to Town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polish every winter.

HARD. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own folks at home. In my time, the follies of the Town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as outside passengers, but in the very basket.

MRS. H. Ay, your times were fine times indeed; you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Odfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

HARD. And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

MRS. H. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothy's, and your old wives! You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you would make me by one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

HARD. Let me see; twenty added to twenty makes just fifty and seven.

MRS. H. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

HARD. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught him finely.

MRS. H. No matter; Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

HARD. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. H. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

HARD. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popped my bald head into Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. H. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him.

HARD. Latin for him!—a cat and fiddle! No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. H. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

HARD. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. H. He coughs sometimes.

HARD. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. H. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

HARD. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking-trumpet—(TONY *hallooing behind the scenes, R.*)—O there he goes—a very consumptive figure truly.

Enter TONY, R., crossing the stage.

Mrs. H. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

TONY. I'm in haste, mother; I can't stay.

Mrs. H. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

TONY. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expect me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

HARD. Ay; the alehouse, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. H. A low, paltry set of fellows.

TONY. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the Excise-man, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. H. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

TONY. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind: but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. H. (*detaining him*) You shan't go.

TONY. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. H. I say you shan't.

TONY. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

Exit, hauling her out, L.

HARD. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion



William Farren

FROM A PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

out of doors? There's my pretty darling, Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in Town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, R.

HARD. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dress'd out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! what a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

MISS H. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

HARD. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

MISS H. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

HARD. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from Town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow him shortly after.

MISS H. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

HARD. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

MISS H. Is he?

HARD. Very generous.

MISS H. I believe I shall like him.

HARD. Young and brave.

MISS H. I'm sure I shall like him.

HARD. And very handsome.

MISS H. My dear papa, say no more (*kisses his hand*); he's mine—I'll have him.

HARD. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in the world.

MISS H. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover it is said always makes a suspicious husband.

HARD. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

MISS H. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

HARD. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

MISS H. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

HARD. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I'll go and prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. *Exit, L.*

MISS H. Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter! Young, handsome—these he puts last, but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured—I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I—but I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, L.

MISS H. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

MISS N. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me! sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

MISS H. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

MISS N. And his name—

MISS H. Is Marlow.

MISS N. Indeed!

MISS H. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

MISS N. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in Town.

MISS H. Never.

MISS N. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among women of another stamp:—you understand me.

MISS H. An odd character, indeed! I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear?—has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss N. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss H. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation; besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss N. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss H. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss N. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons, courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss H. Would it were bedtime, and all were well. *Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*An Alehouse Room.*

Several shabby FELLOWS with punch and tobacco. TONY at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest; a mallet in his hand.

OMNES. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, bravo!

TICKLE. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song!

OMNES. Ay, a song, a song!

TONY. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

Song,—TONY.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
 With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
 Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
 Gives genius a better discerning.
 Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
 Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
 Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
 They're all but a parcel of pigeons.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down
 A preaching that drinking is sinful,
 I'll wager the rascals a crown
 They always preach best with a skinful.
 But when you come down with your pence
 For a slice of their scurvy religion,
 I'll leave it to all men of sense,
 But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
 And let us be merry and clever;
 Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons,
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

OMNES. Bravo, bravo!

SLANG. I loves to hear the 'squire sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

TWIST. Damn anything that's low; I can't bear it.

MUGGINS. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

TWIST. I like the maxim of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes—"Water parted," or the minuet in Ariadne.

SLANG. What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

TONY. Ecod, and so it would Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

SLANG. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole country.

TONY. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer, and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter STINGO, the landlord, L.

STINGO. There be two gentlemen, in a post chaise, at the door—they have lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Hardecastle.

TONY. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

STINGO. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

TONY. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling.

Exit STINGO, L.

Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

Exeunt MOB, L.U.E.

Father-in-law has been calling me a whelp, and hound, this

half-year. Now if I pleased I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter STINGO, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS, L.

MARLOW. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it. We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore.

HAST. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

MAR. (L.C.) I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to everyone I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

HAST. (L.) At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

TONY. (R.C.) No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

HAST. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

TONY. Nor in the way you came?

HAST. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

TONY. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

MAR. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

TONY. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

MAR. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

TONY. No offence: but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

HAST. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has the family you mention.

TONY. The daughter a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative may-pole—the son a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

MAR. Our information differs in this; the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

TONY. He-he-hem—then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

HAST. Unfortunate!

TONY. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winks to STINGO, going to R.*); Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh; you understand me.

STINGO. (c.) Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

MAR. Cross down Squash Lane?

STINGO. Then you were to keep straightforward till you came to four roads.

MAR. Come to where four roads meet?

TONY. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

MAR. O, sir, you're facetious.

TONY. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crackskull Common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right-about again, till you find out the old mill—

MAR. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude.

HAST. What's to be done, Marlow?

MAR. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

STINGO. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

TONY. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*) I have hit it; don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with three chairs and a bolster?

HAST. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

MAR. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

TONY. You do, do you? then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head, the old Buck's Head, on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country.

HAST. O, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

STINGO. (*apart to TONY*) Sure you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

TONY. Mum, you fool you; let them find that out. (*To them*) You have only to keep on straightforward till you come to a large house on the road-side: you'll see a pair of large horns over the door, that's the sign: drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

HAST. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

TONY. No, no; but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence—he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

STINGO. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but he keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

MAR. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

TONY. No, no, straightforward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To STINGO*) Mum.

Exeunt TONY, MARLOW, and HASTINGS, L. 1 E.

STINGO. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous son of a——

Exit STINGO, L.

(*If performed in Five Acts, the first ends here.*)

SCENE III.—*An old-fashioned House.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by* DIGGORY *and three or four awkward*
SERVANTS, R.

HARD. (C.) Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company without stirring from home.

OMNES. (R. and L.) Ay, ay!

HARD. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

OMNES. No, no!

HARD. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed; but that's no great matter.

DIGGORY. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia; and so, being upon drill——

HARD. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

DIG. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

HARD. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

DIG. Ecod, I thank your worship. I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

HARD. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as if you made part of the company.

DIG. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he, he, he, he! for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha, ha, ha! (*all laugh*)

HARD. Ha, ha, ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that; but still, remember to be attentive.

Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine—how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please (*to DIGGORY*). Eh! why don't you move?

DIG. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

HARD. A glass of wine, if you please. What, will nobody move?

1ST SERVANT. I'm not to leave this place.

2ND SERVANT. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3RD SERVANT. Nor mine, for sartain.

DIG. Wauns! and I'm sure it canna be mine.

HARD. You numskulls! and so, while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starv'd. O, you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? (*Bell rings.*) To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. *Exit, L.*

DIG. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head. *Exit, L.*

ROGER. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

1ST SERVANT. Where the devil is mine?

2ND SERVANT. My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go about my business.

Exeunt SERVANTS, running about as if frightened, different ways.

Enter DIGGORY with candles, preceding MARLOW and HASTINGS, L.; he places the candles on table, gives a military salute, and marches off, L.

HAST. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house—antique, but creditable.

MAR. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

HAST. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame the bill confoundedly.

MAR. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries—in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

HAST. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

MAR. The Englishman's malady; but tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know

that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman, except my mother, but among females of another class, you know—

HAST. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

MAR. They are of us, you know.

HAST. But in the company of women of reputation, I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

MAR. Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate, but I don't know how; a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

HAST. If you could say but half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bed maker——

MAR. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them—they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

HAST. Ha, ha, ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

MAR. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured; but to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-staring question of Madam, will you marry me? No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

HAST. I pity you! But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

MAR. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low—answer yes, or no, to all her demands; but for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

HAST. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

MAR. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you: the family don't know you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Enter HARDCASTLE, L.

HARD. Gentlemen, once more, you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? (MARLOW *advances*.) Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire; I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate: I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

MAR. (*aside*). He has got our names from the *se vants* already.
(*To HARDCASTLE*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir.
(*To HASTINGS*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our

travelling dresses in the morning; I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine. (*They cross to L.*)

HARD. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

HAST. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. We must, however, open the campaign.

HARD. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen: you may do just as you please here.

MAR. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. We must shew our generalship by securing, if necessary, a retreat. (*They cross, R.*)

HARD. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow (*comes between them*), puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

MAR. Ay, and we'll summon your garrison, old boy (*slapping him on the back*).

HARD. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

HAST. Marlow, what's o'clock?

HARD. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

MAR. (*after looking at his watch*) Five minutes to seven.

HARD. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

MAR. But, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime, it will help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

HARD. Punch, sir!—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with (*aside*).

MAR. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch after our journey will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know. (*Sits, R.C.*)

Enter DIGGORY with a tankard, L.

HARD. Here's a cup, sir.

MAR. So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases (*aside to HASTINGS*).

HARD. (*taking the cup*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Sits, c., drinks and gives the cup to MARLOW*).

MAR. A very impudent fellow this; but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little (*aside*). Sir, my service to you.

HAST. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman (*aside; sits, L.C.*)

MAR. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose. (*Gives the tankard to HARDCASTLE.*)

HARD. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us. (*Gives the tankard to HASTINGS.*)

HAST. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

HARD. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of Government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the Government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about who's in or who's out than I do about John Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

HAST. So that with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

HARD. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

MAR. (*after drinking*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

HARD. Ay, young gentleman, that and a little philosophy.

MAR. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy (*aside*).

HAST. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

HARD. Good, very good, thank you; ha, ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

MAR. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

HARD. For supper, sir!—Was ever such a request to a man in his own house! (*aside*)

MAR. Yes, sir; supper, sir: I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you. (*Rises.*)

HARD. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld (*aside*).—Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

MAR. You do, do you?

HARD. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper at this moment in the kitchen.

MAR. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

HARD. Oh, no, sir; none in the least: yet, I don't know how,

our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

HAST. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

MAR. (*to HARDCASTLE, who looks at them with surprise*) Sir, he's very right; and it's my way too.

HARD. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Diggory! (*calls*) bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper; I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

DIGGORY *marches in with the bill of fare and exit, L.*

HAST. All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare (*aside*).

MAR. (*perusing*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

HAST. But let's hear it.

MAR. (*reading*) For the first course: at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

HAST. Curse your pig, I say.

MAR. And curse your prune sauce, I say.

HARD. (*aside*) And curse your nice stomachs say I.—And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.—Their impudence confounds me (*aside*).—Gentlemen, you are my guests; make what alteration you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

MAR. Item—A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

HAST. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French Ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

HARD. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

MAR. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

HARD. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

MAR. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

HARD. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

MAR. You see I'm resolved on it.—A very troublesome fellow as ever I met with (*aside, and exit, R.*)

HARD. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you.—This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence (*aside*). *Exit HARDCASTLE, following, R.*

HAST. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry with those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy.

Enter MISS NEVILLE, L.

MISS N. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune, to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

HAST. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn?

MISS N. An inn! you mistake: my aunt, my guardian lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

HAST. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow, whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

MISS N. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often. Ha, ha!

HAST. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

MISS N. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

HAST. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with the journey, but they'll soon be refreshed, and then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be out of their power.

MISS N. I have often told you that, though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India director, and chiefly consists of jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them—I fancy I'm very near succeeding; the instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

HAST. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such that, if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plan was ripe for execution.

MISS N. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Harcastle is just returned from walking; what if we persuade him she is come to this house as to an inn? Come this way. (*They confer.*)

Enter MARLOW, R.

MAR. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family. What have we got here?

HAST. My dear Charles, let me congratulate you. The most fortunate accident! Who do you think has just alighted?

MAR. (R.) Cannot guess.

HAST. Our mistresses, boy—Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky, eh?

MAR. I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment (*aside*).

HAST. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

MAR. Oh, yes—very fortunate—a most joyful encounter. But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder. What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? To-morrow at her own house—it will be every bit as convenient, and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be (*offering to go*).

MISS N. (L.) By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

MAR. Oh, the devil! How shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go;—you are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem! (*aside to HASTINGS*).

HAST. Pshaw, man! 'tis but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know (*aside to MARLOW*).

MAR. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, L. as returning from walking—a bonnet, &c.

HAST. (*introducing them*) Miss Hardcastle—Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons together who only want to know to esteem each other.

MISS H. (*aside*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner.—(*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

MAR. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be sorry, madam—or rather, glad—of any accidents that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

HAST. (R. *aside to MARLOW*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll ensure you the victory.

MISS H. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

MAR. (*gathering courage*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

MISS H. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

MAR. Pardon me, madam: I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of my mirth than uneasiness.

HAST. (*aside to MAR.*) Bravo, bravo! never spoke so well in your whole life.—Well, Miss Harcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

MAR. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings (*seizing him*). We like your company of all things.—(*Aside to HASTINGS*) Zounds, George, sure you won't go. How can you leave us.

HAST. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room.—(*Aside to MARLOW*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own.

Exeunt HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE, R.

MAR. (*after a pause*) What the devil shall I do?—will you please to be seated, madam? (*Gets a chair and sits down, recollects himself and rises in confusion, places a chair for her, L. C., then sits, C.—another pause.*) I say, ma'am.

MISS H. Sir!

MAR. Ma'am! (*Pause.*) I am afraid, ma'am—I am—not so—happy—as to—as to——

MISS H. As to what, sir?

MAR. As to—make myself—that is make myself—agreeable—to the ladies.

MISS H. I hope, sir, they have employed some part of your addresses. (*Draws her chair towards him.*)

MAR. (*relapsing into timidity*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

MISS H. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

MAR. Perhaps so, madam; but I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex (*rising*). But, I'm afraid, I grow tiresome.

MISS H. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever—indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

MAR. (*sits, taking his chair from her towards R.*) It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes, there must be some who, wanting a relish—for—um—a—um——

MISS H. I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting (*moving towards him*).

MAR. My meaning, madam—but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing, that in this age of hypocrisy—a (*sliding his chair from her*)—

MISS H. Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (*aside*)—You were going to observe, sir—

MAR. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

MISS H. I vow, and so do I (*aside*).—You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir—

MAR. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy, there are few, who, upon strict enquiry, do not—a—a—

MISS H. I understand you perfectly, sir.

MAR. 'Egad! and that's more than I do myself (*aside*).

MISS H. You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

MAR. True, madam, those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. (*Rises.*) But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

MISS H. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

MAR. Yes, madam. I was—but she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

MISS H. Well then, I'll follow.

MAR. This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me (*aside*).

Bows, runs against the side, and exit, R.

MISS H. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked me in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too: he has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarcely answer.

Exit, L.

Enter TONY with a jug of ale, and MISS NEVILLE, R.

TONY. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engagi g.

MISS N. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

TONY. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship. (*She follows, coquetting with him to L. 2 E., and off.*)



Lionel Brough

FROM A PHOTO BY DENISE L. S. BLAKE

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* HASTINGS, R.

MRS. H. Well, I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

HAST. Never there! you amaze me! from your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

MRS. H. O, sir! you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the Town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? all I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions as they come out in a letter from the two Miss Ricketts, of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

HAST. Extremely elegant and *degagée*, upon my word, madam. Your *friseur* is a Frenchman, I suppose.

MRS. H. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

HAST. Indeed! such a head in the side box at the play-house would draw as many gazers as my lady mayoress at a city ball.

MRS. H. One must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

HAST. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress (*bowing*).

MRS. H. Yet, what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardeastle? all I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

HAST. You are right, madam; for as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

MRS. H. But what do you think his answer was. Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tête for my own wearing.

HAST. Intolerable! at your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

MRS. H. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about Town?

HAST. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

MRS. H. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Re-enter TONY, *plagued by* MISS NEVILLE, L.

HAST. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, a mere maker of samplers.

MRS. H. And yet my niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

HAST. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

MRS. H. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening.

TONY. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house that's left to myself but the stable.

MRS. H. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

MISS N. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces, to be forgiven in private.

TONY. (L. c.) That's a confounded—crack.

MRS. H. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsopp mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you.

TONY. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring, he knocks his head against hers.*)

MISS N. (L.) O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

MRS. H. (R. c.) O the monster! for shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

TONY. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of any longer.

MRS. H. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I, that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon?

TONY. Well! you didn't want to feed it with a shovel, did you?

MRS. H. Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel?

TONY. But, ecod, Itell you I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

MRS. H. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

TONY. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing me this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

MRS. H. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you hen go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

TONY. Ecod, mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

MRS. H. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart; I see he does.

HAST. (R.) Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to do his duty.

MRS. H. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor

woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

Exeunt MRS. HARDCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE, R.

TONY (*singing*)

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Twang go dillo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

HAST. Then you're no friend to the ladies I find, my pretty young gentleman?

TONY. That's as I find 'um.

HAST. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

TONY. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

HAST. Pretty encouragement this for a lover (*aside*).

TONY. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

HAST. To me she appears sensible and silent.

TONY. Ay, before company; but when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

HAST. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

TONY. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in the ditch.

HAST. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty—yes, you must allow her some beauty.

TONY. Bandbox! she's all a made-up thing, mum. Ah, could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty! Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion—she'd make two of she.

HAST. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

TONY. Anan?

HAST. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

TONY. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

HAST. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

TONY. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

HAST. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

TONY. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me (*singing*)

We are the boys
That fears no noise,
Where thundering cannons roar.

Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT I.

(*If played in Five Acts, the Second Act ends here.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, R.

HARD. What could my old friend, Sir Charles, mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in Town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter—she will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *plainly dressed*, L.

Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe there was no great occasion.

MISS H. I find such pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them, without ever debating their propriety.

HARD. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

MISS H. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

HARD. I was never so surprised in my life! he has quite confounded all my faculties.

MISS H. I never saw anything like it: a man of the world to!

HARD. Ay, he learned it all abroad.

MISS H. It seems all natural to him.

HARD. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

MISS H. Sure, you mistake, papa: a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

HARD. Whose look? whose manner, child?

MISS H. Mr. Marlow's. His *mauvaise honte*, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

HARD. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

MISS H. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

HARD. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

MISS H. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

HARD. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

MISS H. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome, then left the room with a bow, and "madam, I would not for the world detain you" (*mimics him*).

HARD. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked me if I was not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

MISS H. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

HARD. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

MISS H. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

HARD. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

MISS H. Yes, but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

HARD. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

MISS H. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance. But as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

HARD. Agreed; but depend on't I'm in the right.

MISS H. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong.

Exeunt, L.

Enter TONY, running in with a casket, R.

TONY. Ecod, I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin, neither. Oh, my genius, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS, L.

HAST. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin,

and that you are willing to be reconciled at last. Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

TONY. And here's something to bear your charges by the way (*giving the casket*). Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those I say that would rob you of one of them.

HAST. But how have you procured them from your mother?

TONY. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs; I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

HAST. Thousands do it every day. But, to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

TONY. Well, keep them till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough;—she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

HAST. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

TONY. Never you mind her resentment—leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice! prance! *Exit HASTINGS, L.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE, R.

MRS. H. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

MISS N. But what will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

MRS. H. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance—my Lady Kill-daylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to Town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

MISS N. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my finery about me?

MRS. H. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear—does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

TONY. (L.) That's as hereafter may be.

MISS N. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

MRS. H. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them;—they may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

TONY (*apart to MRS. HARDCASTLE*). Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost.

It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

MRS. H. (*apart to TONY*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He, he, he!

TONY. Never fear me. Ecod, I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes (*aside to MRS. H.*)

MISS N. I desire them but for a day, madam; just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

MRS. H. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know;—but we must have patience, wherever they are.

MISS N. I'll not believe it. This is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

MRS. H. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

TONY. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found—I'll take my oath on't.

MRS. H. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me—how calm I am.

MISS N. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

MRS. H. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the meantime you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

MISS N. I detest garnets.

MRS. H. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them.

Exit, R.

MISS N. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. Was ever anything so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear trumpery.

TONY. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

MISS N. My dear cousin.

Exit, L.

TONY. Vanish! She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catherine wheel.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, R.

MRS. H. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

TONY. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family.

MRS. H. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

TONY. Oh! is that all? ha, ha, ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you were ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. H. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

TONY. Stick to that, ha, ha! stick to that; call me to bear witness.

MRS. H. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

TONY. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

MRS. H. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

TONY. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha, ha! I know who took them well enough, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. H. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

TONY. That's right, that's right: you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

MRS. H. Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand and thieves on the other.

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. H. Bear witness again, you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. H. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

Runs off, L.; MRS. HARDCASTLE follows, beating him.

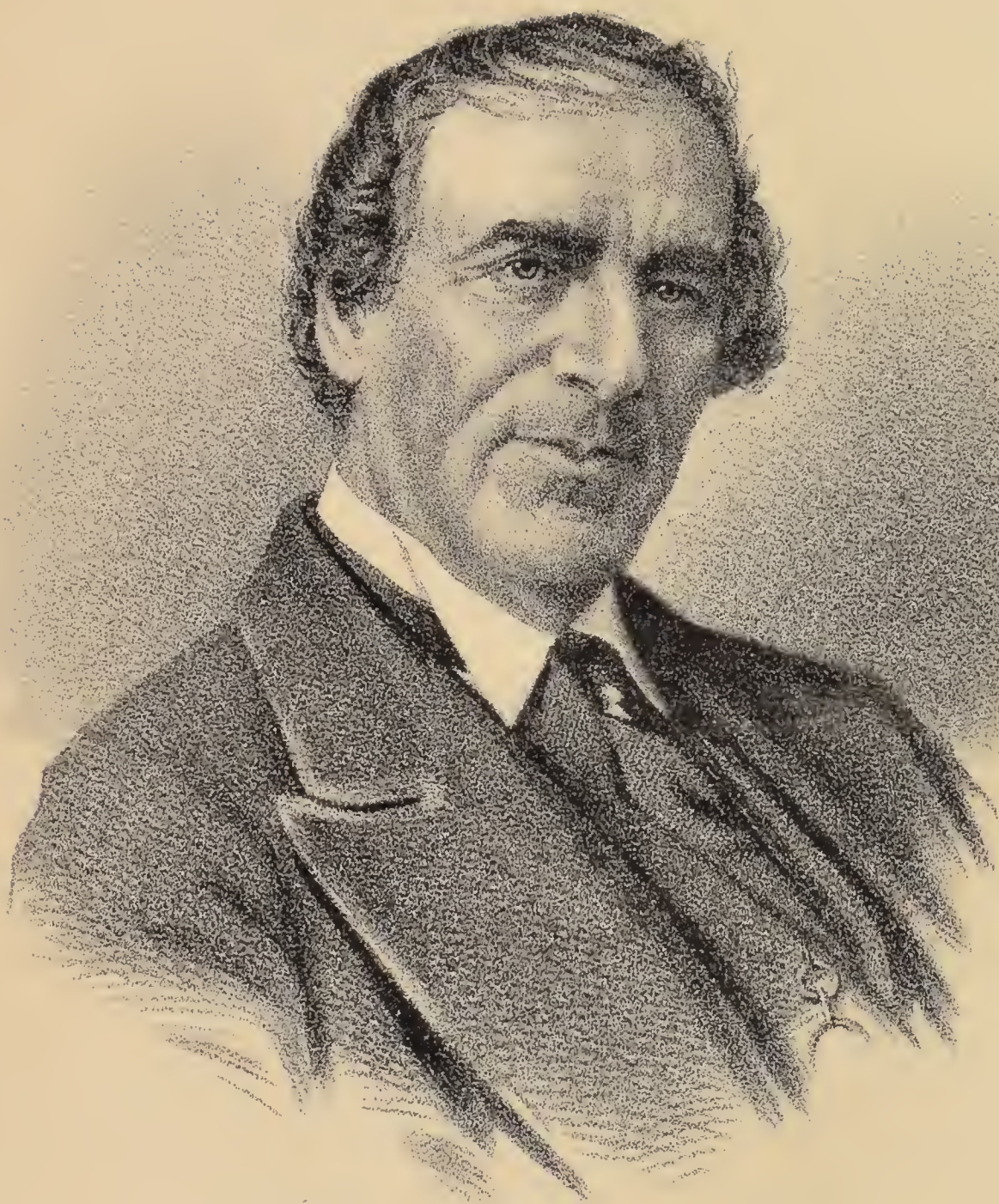
Enter MISS HARDCASTLE and MAID, R.

MISS H. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha, ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

MAID. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid. He mistook you for the barmaid, madam.

MISS H. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux' Stratagem?

MAID. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.



John Ryder

MISS H. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

MAID. Certain of it.

MISS H. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview.

MAID. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

MISS H. In the first place, I shall be seen; and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall, perhaps, make an acquaintance; and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the vilest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

MAID. But are you sure you can act your part and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person.

MISS H. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant: Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

MAID. It will do, madam, but he's here. *Exit, R.*

Enter MARLOW, L.

MAR. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess, with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. (*Walks and muses.*)

MISS H. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

MAR. (*crosses, R.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

MISS H. Did your honour call? (*She still places herself before him.*)

MAR. No, child. (*Crosses, L.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

MISS H. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

MAR. No, no. (*Musing*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning (*taking out his tablets and perusing*).

MISS H. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

MAR. I tell you, no.

MISS H. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

MAR. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

MISS H. (*R. c.*) O la, sir! you'll make one ashamed.

MAR. (*L. c.*) Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

MISS H. No, sir; we have been out of that these ten days.

MAR. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

MISS H. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

MAR. Of true English growth, I assure you.

MISS H. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wine in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

MAR. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

MISS H. O, sir! I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

MAR. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching*). Yet nearer, I don't think so much (*approaching*). Why coming close to some women they look younger still: but when we come very close indeed (*attempting to kiss her*)—

MISS H. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

MAR. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

MISS H. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obdipulous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

MAR. Egad! she has hit it sure enough (*aside*).—In awe of her, child?—ha, ha, ha!—a mere awkward, squinting thing. No no; I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe: no, I could not be too severe, curse me! (*Crosses, R.*)

MISS H. O, then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

MAR. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club, in Town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service (*offering to salute her*).

MISS H. Hold, sir;—you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

MAR. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Slingo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place. (*Crosses, L.*)

MISS H. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

MAR. Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

MISS H. And their agreeable Rattle!—ha, ha, ha!

MAR. Egad, I don't quite like this chit; she looks knowing, me-thinks (*aside*).—You laugh, child!

MISS H. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

MAR. All's well, she don't laugh at me (*aside*).—Do you ever work, child?

MISS H. Ay, sure;—there's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but can bear witness to that.

MAR. Odso! then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me (*seizing her hand*).

MISS H. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning (*struggling*).

MAR. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. Pshaw! the father here!—my old luck!

Exit, L.

Enter HARDCASTLE, R., who stands in surprise.

HARD. So, madam? So I find this is your modest lover—this is your humble admirer, that keeps his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

MISS H. Never trust me, my dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

HARD. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand?—didn't I see him haul you about like a milk-maid?—and now you talk of his respect, and his modesty—forsooth!

MISS H. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARD. The girl would actually make one run mad: I tell you I'll not be convinced—I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in my house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

MISS H. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

HARD. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

MISS H. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

HARD. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

MISS H. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination.

Exeunt HARDCASTLE and MISS H., R.

(When played in Five Acts, the Third ends here.)

Enter MARLOW, L., followed by JEREMY.

MAR. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

JEREMY. Yes, your honor.

MAR. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

JEREMY. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it, and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. *Exit, L.*

MAR. Ha, ha, ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! That little barmaid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS, L.

HAST. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to repair to the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

MAR. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

HAST. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honor's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

MAR. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to her girdle?

HAST. Well, and what then?

MAR. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad, she would not let me kiss them though.

HAST. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

MAR. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

HAST. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honor?

MAR. Pshaw, pshaw! I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

HAST. I believe the girl has virtue.

MAR. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

HAST. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

MAR. Yes, yes, it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an in-door a place of safety? Ah, numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have——

HAST. What?



E. F. Edgale

FROM A PHOTO BY A. H. TITZ

MAR. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

HAST. To the landlady!

MAR. The landlady.

HAST. You did?

MAR. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

HAST. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness.

MAR. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

HAST. He must not see my uneasiness (*aside*).

MAR. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

HAST. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

MAR. Rather too readily; for she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha, ha, ha!

HAST. He, he, he! They're safe, however.

MAR. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

HAST. So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it (*aside*)—Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid, and, ha, ha, ha! if you are as successful for yourself as you have been for me—then——

MAR. What then?

HAST. Why, then, I wish you joy with all my heart. *Exit, L.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, R.

HARD. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm (*aside*).—Mr. Marlow, your servant, I'm your very humble servant (*bowing low*).

MAR. Sir, your humble servant.—What's to be the wonder now? (*aside*)

HARD. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

MAR. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

HARD. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

MAR. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame: I ordered them not to spare the cellar; I did, I assure you.—(*Calling, L.*) Here, let one of my servants come up.—(*To* HARD.) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

HARD. Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied.

MAR. They had, I assure you: you shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter JEREMY, drunk, L.

You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

HARD. I begin to lose my patience (*aside*).

JER. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever! though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man; I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—(*hiccup*)—upon my conscience, sir. *Exit, L.*

MAR. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he possibly can be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer barrel.

HARD. Zounds! he'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer (*aside*).—Mr. Marlow, sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

MAR. Leave your house! Sure you jest, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you?

HARD. I tell you, sir, you don't please me: so I desire you'll leave my house.

MAR. Sure you cannot be serious. At this time o'night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

HARD. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

MAR. Ha ha, ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone*) This your house, fellow! it's my house; this is my house—mine while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before (*crossing R.*)

HARD. Nor I confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, this house is mine, sir! By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Pray, sir (*bantering*), as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and a pair of bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

MAR. Bring me your bill, sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

HARD. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the Rake's Progress for your own apartment?

MAR. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly (*crosses, L.*)

HARD. Then there's a bright, brazen warming pan, that you may see your own brazen face in.

MAR. My bill, I say.

HARD. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

MAR. Zounds! bring me my bill I say, and let's hear no more on't.

HARD. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man, as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently and shall hear more of it. *Exit, R.*

MAR. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house! Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, coming! the attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? a word with you.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, R., crossing to L.

MISS H. Let it be short then, I'm in a hurry.—I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him (*aside*).

MAR. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

MISS H. A relation of the family, sir.

MAR. What, a poor relation?

MISS H. Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

MAR. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

MISS H. Inn! O law—what brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha, ha, ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

MAR. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

MISS H. Ay, sir, whose else should it be?

MAR. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head! I shall be laughed at over the whole Town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print shops—The Dullissimo Macaroni. To mistake this house or all others for an inn and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid.

MISS H. Dear me, dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour (*half crying*)—

MAR. Nothing, my dear, nothing; but I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity

for assurance, and your simplicity for allurements. But it's all over. This house I no more shew my face in.

MISS H. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry—(*pretending to cry*)—if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry if people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

MAR. By heaven, she weeps! This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me (*aside*).

MISS H. I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and, though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought it was bad to want fortune.

MAR. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

MISS H. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pounds I would give it all to——

MAR. This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her (*crosses, L*).—Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connection impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour; or of bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

MISS H. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution.

Exit, L.

Exit, L.

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, R.

TONY. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time; I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servant's.

MISS N. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my Aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

TONY. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. (*They retire and seem to fondle*).

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, R.

MRS. H. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servant's. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I am alive.

I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ha! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs! Ha!

TONY. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

MRS. H. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

MISS N. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

TONY. Oh, it's a pretty creature! No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pond, than leave you when you smile on one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

MISS N. Agreeable cousin! who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless—(*patting his cheek*)—ha, it's a bold face!

MRS. H. Pretty innocence!

TONY. I'm sure I always loved Cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the harpsicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

MRS. H. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently—you shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY, L.

DIG. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

TONY. Give it to my mamma; she reads all my letters first.

DIG. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

TONY. Who does it come from?

DIG. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

TONY. I could wish to know it, though (*turning the letter and gazing on it*) *Exit DIGGORY, L.*

MISS N. (*R. aside*) Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings—I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can.—(*To MRS. HARDCASTLE*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed. You must know, madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us (*they go up the stage and talk*).

TONY. (*still gazing*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well, but here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esq" It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters. where my own name is, well enough, but when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's

hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

MRS. H. Ha, ha, ha!—very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher (*aside to Miss N.*)

MISS N. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again (*aside to Mrs. H.*)

MRS. H. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks (*aside to Miss N.*)

TONY. (*L., still gazing*) A confounded up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading*) "Dear Sir"—ay, that's that: Then there's an M, and a T, and a S; but whether the next be an izzard or a R, confound me, I cannot tell.

MRS. H. (*c.*) What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

MISS N. (*R.*) Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I (*twitching the letter from her*). Do you know who it is from?

TONY. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

MISS N. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read*) "Dear 'Squire,—Hoping that you're in health, as I am at present. The gentlemen of the Shake Bag Club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose Green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—" here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; —here, put it up, put it up (*thrusting the crumpled letter upon him*).

TONY. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence! (*giving Mrs. HARD-CASTLE the letter*)

MRS. H. How's this? (*reads*) "Dear 'Squire,—I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden; but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Despatch is necessary, as the hag"—ay!—"the hag, your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience! I shall run distracted! my rage chokes me!

MISS N. (*R.*) I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence or sinister designs that belong to another.

MRS. H. (*c. curtseying very low*) Fine-spoken, madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut, were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them; so, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old Aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your

horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory. I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves.

Exit, R.

MISS N. So, now I'm completely ruined.

TONY. Ay, that's a sure thing.

MISS N. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

TONY. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake Bags and Goose Greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS, L.

HAST. So, sir, I find by my servant that you have shown my letter and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

TONY. Here's another. Ask miss there who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine. (*Seats himself on the table.*)

Enter MARLOW, R.

MAR. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill-manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

TONY. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

MISS N. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

MAR. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

HAST. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

MISS N. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

HAST. An insensible cub.

MAR. Replete with tricks and mischief.

TONY. Baw! (*starts up*) damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

MAR. As for him, he's below resentment; but your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

HAST. Tortured as I am with my own disappointment, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

MAR. But, sir——

MISS N. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter DIGGORY, R.

DIG. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning.

Exit, R.

MISS N. I come. Oh, Mr. Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

MRS. H. (*R. within*) Miss Neville! Constance! why, Constance, I say!

MISS N. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. *Exit, R.*

HAST. My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness.

MAR. (*to TONY*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you is here disappointment, and even distress.

TONY. (*from a reverie*) Ecod, I have hit it!—it's here. Your hands: yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along.

Exeunt TONY, R., MARLOW and HARDCASTLE, L.

END OF ACT II.

(*If performed in Five Acts, the Fourth ends here.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as before.*

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES MARLOW, R.

HARD. Ha, ha, ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

SIR C. And the reserve with which, I suppose, he treated all your advances.

HARD. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

SIR C. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an *uncommon* innkeeper—ha, ha, ha!

HARD. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small——

SIR C. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do——

HARD. If, man! I tell you they do like each other—my daughter as good as told me so.

SIR C. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

HARD. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself ; and here he comes to put you out of your ifs, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW, L.

MAR. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

HARD. Tut, boy, a trifle (*shakes hands with him*). You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again ;—she'll never like you the worse for it.

MAR. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

HARD. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow. If I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me.

MAR. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

HARD. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you ; but mum.

MAR. Sure, sir, nothing has passed between us but the most profound respect on my side and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family.

HARD. Impudence? No, I don't say that—not quite impudence. Girls like to be played with, and rumped too sometimes. But she has told no tales I assure you.

MAR. May I die, sir, if I ever—

HARD. I tell you she don't dislike you ; and as I'm sure you like her—

MAR. Dear sir, I protest, sir—

HARD. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

MAR. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

HARD. This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing (*aside*).

SIR C. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations.

MAR. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. *Exit, L.*

SIR C. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

HARD. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

SIR C. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

HARD. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, R.

Kate, come hither, child (*she crosses, c.*) Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

MISS H. The question is very abrupt, sir, but since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

HARD. (*to SIR C.*) You see.

SIR C. (*R.*) And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

MISS H. Yes, sir, several.

HARD. (*to SIR C.*) You see.

SIR C. But did he profess any attachment?

MISS H. A lasting one.

SIR C. Did he talk of love?

MISS H. Much, sir.

SIR C. Amazing! and all this formally?

MISS H. Formally.

HARD. (*L.*) Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

SIR C. And how did he behave, madam?

MISS H. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of *his* want of merit, and the greatness of *mine*; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

SIR C. Now I'm perfectly convinced indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I'm confident he never sat for the picture.

MISS H. Then what sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

SIR C. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end.

Exeunt HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES, R.

MISS H. And if you *don't* find him what I describe, I fear my happiness must never have a beginning.

Exit, L.

SCENE II.—*The Back of the Garden.*

Enter HASTINGS, L.

HAST. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spatlered, L. U. E.

My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

TONY. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

HAST. But how—where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

TONY. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbet me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox than ten with such varmint.

HAST. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

TONY. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

HAST. This is a riddle.

TONY. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house and round the house, and never touches the house?

HAST. I'm still astray.

TONY. Why, that's it, mun. I have led them astray. By jingo! there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

HAST. Ha, ha, ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

TONY. You shall hear. I first took them down Featherbed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circum-bendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

HAST. But no accident, I hope?

TONY. No, no; only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

HAST. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

TONY. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'squire. Just now it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the body. Hang your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we shake hands and be friends; but if you had run me through, then I should be dead, and you might go shake hands with the hangman.

HAST. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

Exit, L. 1 E.

TONY. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got into the pond, and is dragged up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, L. U. E.

MRS. H. Oh, Tony, I'm killed—shook—battered to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quick-set hedge has done my business.

TONY. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

MRS. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

TONY. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

MRS. H. O lud, O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

TONY. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

MRS. H. The fright will certainly kill me.

TONY. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

MRS. H. O, dear!

TONY. No; it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma—don't be afraid.

MRS. H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us—ah, I'm sure on't! If he perceives us we are undone.

TONY. Father-in-law, by all's that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks (*aside*).—Ah, it's a highwayman with pistols as long as my arm. A great tall ill-looking fellow.

MRS. H. Good heaven defend us! he approaches.

TONY. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close. (Mrs. H. *hides behind a tree in the back scene.*)

Enter HARDCASTLE, R. 1. E.

HARD. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. O, Tony. Is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

TONY. Very safe, sir, at my Aunt Pedigree's. Hem! (*Coughs.*)

MRS. H. (*from behind*) Ah, dear!—I find there's danger.

HARD. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

TONY. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem! (*Coughs.*)

MRS. H. (*from behind*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

HARD. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

TONY. It was I, sir;—talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in three hours was very good going. Hem! As to be sure it was. Hem! I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem! (*coughing each time*)

HARD. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

MRS. H. (*rushing forward, c.*) O lud, he'll murder my poor boy—my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

HARD. (R.) My wife, as I'm a Christian! From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

MRS. H. (*kneeling*) Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman; take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

HARD. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

MRS. H. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

HARD. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. "So far from home," when you are within forty yards of your own door.—(*To TONY*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you.—(*To MRS. H.*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry tree; and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

MRS. H. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in't.—(*To TONY*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother.

TONY. Ecod, mother, all the parish say you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

MRS. H. I'll spoil you, I will. (*Beats him round and off, R.*)

HARD. Ha, ha, ha!

Exit, R.

SCENE III.—*A Parlour.*

Enter SIR CHARLES MARLOW and MISS HARDCASTLE, L.

SIR C. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for—a daughter.

MISS H. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

SIR C. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment.

Exit, R.

Enter MARLOW, L.

MAR. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment know the pain I feel in the separation.

MISS H. (*in her own natural manner*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

MAR. This girl every moment improves upon me (*aside*).—It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart; my very pride begins to submit to my passion; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

MISS H. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education I hope not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses. while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES MARLOW, R. U. E.

MAR. By heaven, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye, for who could see that without emotion! But every moment that I converse with you steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue. I'm now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

MISS H. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity, but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where I must appear mercenary and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident address of a secure admirer?

MAR. (*kneeling*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shews me your merit only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

SIR C. I can hold it no longer. (*Coming forward, c.*) Charles. Charles, how have you deceived me! Is this your indifference. your uninteresting conversation?

HARD. (R. c.) Your cold contempt? your formal interview? What have you to say now?

MAR. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

HARD. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private and deny it in public; that you have one story for us and another for my daughter.

MAR. Daughter!—this lady your daughter?

HARD. Yes, sir, my only daughter, my Kate. Whose else should she be?

MAR. Oh, the devil!

MISS H. Yes, sir, that very identical, tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for (*curtseying*). She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club—ha, ha, ha!

MAR. Zounds! there's no bearing this.

MISS H. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud, confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap and old Miss Biddy Buckskin till three in the morning—ha, ha, ha! (*Mimics him.*)

MAR. Oh, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

HARD. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you—I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. (*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and TONY, L.

MRS. H. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go—I care not. (*crossing to R.*)

HARD. Who's gone?

MRS. H. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from Town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

SIR C. Who! my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

HARD. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE, L.

MRS. H. What, returned so soon?—I begin not to like it (*aside*).

HAST. (*to HARDCASTLE*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

MISS N. Since his death I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity I was ready to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connection.

HARD. Be it what it will, I'm glad they are come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

TONY. (L.C.) What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

HARD. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret; but since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

TONY. Of age; am I of age, father?

HARD. Above three months.

TONY. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty (*taking Miss NEVILLE's hand*). Witness all men, by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of blank place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

SIR C. O, brave 'squire!

HAST. My worthy friend!

MRS. H. My undutiful offspring! (*Beats TONY off, L.*)

MAR. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

HAST. (*to Miss HARDCASTLE*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

HARD. (*joining their hands*) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

Miss H. Well, having stooped to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a barnaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you.

SIR C. HARD. MISS H. MAR. MISS N. HAST.

R.

L.

Curtain.

EPILOGUE.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

*WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a Barmaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you :
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Barmaids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
“ We have our exits and our entrances.”
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of ev'rything afraid ;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a lovelier scene,——
Th' unblushing Barmaid of a country inn :
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs :
On 'Squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts ;
And as she smiles, her triumph to complete,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher ;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries caro,
And quits her Nancy Dawson, for Che Faro ;
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside ;
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille,
Such, thro' our lives the eventful history.
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Barmaid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female Barrister, and pleads for Bays.*

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